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OR,

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

A COMIC CONCOCTION
IN
THREE ACTS.

BY
FENNIMORE ✓ HARRISON.

NEW ORLEANS:
1882.



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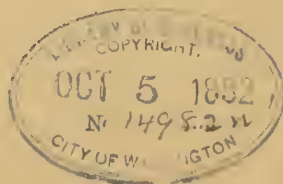
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BY

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CLIPPED WINGS;

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A COMIC CONCOCTION IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILLIAM WARSAW *A Dispenser of "Infallible Remedies."*
 CAPTAIN JENKINS.... *His Friend—Editor of the Stock and Trade
 Journal, Louisville.*
 COUSIN LUCY, } *Benighted Travellers.*
 COUSIN FRED, }
 SANDY..... *Owner of the "Little York" Inn.*
 GRACE..... *His Daughter.*
 HEZEKIEL KENT *The Circuit Rider.*
 PHIL SLY, } *Vagabonds from Colorado.*
 BILLY SHARP, }
 ALECK CLIDE *The Constable.*

SHERIFF, POSSE, VILLAGERS, FAIR PEOPLE, STRANGERS, ETC.

SCENE—*The Hall of Sandy's Inn, near Fairville, Ky.—on the Ohio*
 TIME: *Fair Week.*

In the middle of the hall is the supper table half set; on a

counter is the register lying open, and near it is a box of cigars. In one corner is a strong iron chest, used by the innkeeper as a safe for articles of value.

ENTER SANDY AND KENT, *talking*.

Sandy. Ha! ha! ha! that *was* a piece of rascality. Of course, Parson, you saw the robber?

Kent. No, Sandy; I did not. The room was dark, and the moment I discovered him hunting for the money, I gave the alarm, and he fled from the house.

Sandy. Curse the scoundrel!—And so you wish me to take charge of this money of yours for a day or two—until you return from your trip in the country?

Kent. I do; I'll have you take charge of it to-night, if you have no objection—

Sandy. Oh, none in the world! I'll call my daughter at once. (*raps the floor and calls*) My daughter!—She hears me, I believe. —Now, Parson. I'll record the amount in this account book of mine—so read out. (*takes the book from his pocket*)

Kent. It is eight thousand dollars in bills, wrapped up in this yellow cloth. The fact is, it's the money my brother left me in his will, and which I received only yesterday—

Sandy (*writing*). Very well, I have it. (*puts the book into his pocket*, Egad, where's Grace? (*raps the floor and calls*) My daughter!

ENTER GRACE, *quickly*.

Grace. Here, father! Why you make the whole house echo with noise!

Sandy. To be sure I do, when I can't find you!—Let me have the key of the chest, child. (*Grace gives the key, and then attends to the table briskly*) Now, Parson, we'll lock it up.

Kent (*locking the chest and retaining the key, unawares*). Ah, that will do! it's safe there!

Sandy. And the thief that tried to rob you last night may come again if he likes. (*the door opens, and Captain Jenkins appears at the threshold with a valise and an umbrella*)

Kent. And leave as he came—empty-handed.

Jenk (*at the threshold*). Pst! pst! my good man, can you tell me where I am?

Sandy. At Sandy's inn, the "Little York."

Jenk. My regards!

Sandy. The same, sir.

Jenk. I am Captain Jenkins!—(*a pause*)—from Louisville, sir!

Grace. Oh h, dear!

Sandy. Walk in, Captain.

Jenk. Will you oblige me with your register?

Sandy. I will, Captain. (*they go to the counter*)

Jenk (*registering; aloud*). "Captain Jenkins, Stock and Trade Journal, Louisville."

Sandy. Stock and Trade, eh?—Then you've come to attend the big cattle fair we are holding here now?

Jenk. I reckon I have.—My friend, be kind enough to take charge of this carpetbag for me, will you?—don't let the rats get after it;

Sandy. The rats? How's that?

Jenk. There's a piece of cheese on the inside of it, sir.

Sandy. A piece of cheese? Why don't you take it out?

Jenk. I don't want to open the valise, sir. My grocer—confound him—had the assurance to put into my carpetbag a lump of Limberger instead of Switzer, for my lunch, and the passengers on the train avoided me along the whole route!

Sandy. I'll hang it up on this hook.

Jenk. Do so; (*looking around*) a splendid inn you have here!—By the way, innkeeper, have you anything of a really fine quality here?—anything you can recommend yourself?—You catch my meaning, of course?

Sandy. I think so, Captain.

Jenk. Bring me a bottle of it, will you, and a glass?

Sandy. Certainly! (*brings a bottle*) Now here's a bottle containin' liquor made forty years ago. I consider I wouldn't take a fortune for it. It is something extra, you see. (*stares at Jenkins as he pours it out*)

Jenk. I hope so. (*pours out slowly*) Yes, I'm—er—I'm—the—er—big—gest—cat—— Sir, will you oblige me by turning your back for a minute?—big—gest cattle buyer and journalist in Louisville! (*fills to the brim*)

Grace. Oh-h-h!—Tra la la, tra la la!

Kent. They tell me, Captain, it's tolerable strong.

Jenk. Tolerable strong?—Oh, no! oh, no! I rever go too far! make a note of it! (*drinks*) Here is the bottle, inn-keeper. Very choice! very choice! Put it on my bill.

Sandy (*aside*). I'll do it! (*here the door is thrown open with violence*)

ENTER PHIL SLY.

Sly. Help here! help! Boswell's barn's afire!

All Fire! (*they run to the door*)

Sandy. Bring those buckets, daughter! Hurry! (*exit Grace*)

Sly. No time to wait, my friend! They want you! Come on! (*exit*)

Jenk. Why, the fellow is right, confound it, he is! (*Grace returns*)

Sandy. Boswell's barn, to be sure! (*Sandy removes his coat and hangs it on the wall*) Now, follow me, every one! (*exeunt omnes, with the buckets*)

ENTER SHARP, with a carpetbag

(*He moves about the room stealthily, and examines objects with care. Sees the chest.*)

Sharp. Ha! that money's here! (*wildly*) Locked! no key? ha! this coat! (*goes into the pockets of Sandy's coat, and finds the account book: opens it*) “\$8000 of H. Kent's in the chest—yellow cloth.” And we all but had it last night! We must have it. (*attempts to open the chest, but fails*) Phil!—why don't he come?

RE-ENTER SLY.

Sly. Come! out with that bag of money! I worked up this case.

Sharp. Help yourself! it's in there. (*points at the chest.*)

Sly. What! not a dollar? (*goes behind the counter and taps the till.*)

Sharp. Let me have half o' that, will you?—Yes, but you must! I'll turn State's evidence, if you don't!

Sly. You set the barn afire!

Sharp. So'd you! what'd you do it for?

Sly. That's my business! 'Taint the first you've set afire, my friend, hear me?—Here, here's half the money. Now open that chest! (*they begin the attempt; presently the stage driver blows his horn*)

Sharp. Ha! it's the stage! (*instantly seizes his carpetbag and disappears through a small window*)

Sly. Devil! (*goes behind the counter, but presently rises and pulls off his coat*) Odds the devil! I'll try the tavern business! (*puts on Sandy's coat and hat on the wall*) Now I'm ready!

ENTER LUCY AND FRED, with Carpetbags.

Lucy. Oh, what a cosy inn, isn't it, cousin Fred?

Fred. Quite respectable, and here's the owner of it, too.

Sly (*with an elaborate bow*). Welcome, my friends, welcome! I hope to suit you.

Lucy (*aside*). Dear me, what a queer landlord!

Fred Now, sir, where is your directory?—I mean your register—(*they go to the counter*)

Lucy. I do think it is provoking to be detained this way! Ever since we left uncle's "Belle Vue Place," that miserable stage has been creeping along and breaking down the whole way. And now we've missed the train, and will not get home to Louisville half so soon as we thought.

Fred. There you are Is it all right? It's only for one night, you know; we take the train for Louisville in the morning.

Sly. There'll be no trouble about that, but there's one little item we haven't spoke about yet.

Fred. What's that?

Sly. Terms allus in advance! It's the regerlation here for people stayin' one night—(*extending his hand*)—Five dollers apiece, please!

Lucy. Merciful heavens! it is exorbitant!

Fred. By Cato! I won't stand it! you can't fool me, man!

Sly (with a shrug). Well, the terms is first-class here—You must understand this hotel is bang up with the times!

Fred. Bang up thunder! You can't gull me! No, sir!—What ought I to do, cousin Lucy?

Lucy. Oh, well then, let's pay it! (*Fred pays, muttering something about "swindle."*)

Sly. Thanks—many thanks. (*getting near the door*) Now, my friends, just make yourselves at home—

Fred. What, you are not going to leave us this way, are you?

Lucy. Indeed, sir, you must not!

Sly. I hate to do it, but you see—well—er—old man Boswell's barn's afire!

Lucy and Fred. Fire! (*here Fred carelessly leaves his purse on the counter*)

Lucy. Oh, Fred, here is amusement in abundance! Just think of it! Come on, we will follow him!

Fred (pleased). Well, it does come in nicely after that tedious ride, so lead the way, sir! (*exeunt*)

RE-ENTER SHARP, with Carpetbag.

Sharp. Now's my chance to get ahead of Phil Sly—Ha! these gripsacks. (*seizes Lucy's valise, which he tries to open, but finally cuts out one side with a knife*) What's this? (*takes out a night robe*) Too long!—Ha! cut in two, though, it'll make two shirts. (*Puts it into his carpetbag*) Good!—What's this—a book? (*reads the title*) Prayer—Book! (*tosses the valise aside and takes Jenkins's*

Cuts out one side) Humph! must have been hangin' up there sometime. *(cuts out the other side)* A pack o' cards—good! *(a sudden noise alarms him and he runs to the door)* False alarm, Billy. *(takes Fred's)* Oh, I'm a reg'lar ripsaw!—a pair of shoes *(measures the size by his own and shakes his head)*—bunch o' letters—moonshine whiskey—good! *(puts the flask into his pocket)*

RE-ENTER SLY, suddenly, with an axe.

Sly. Come, show your hand! what'd you get?

Sharp. A pack o' cards, a hymn-book and whiskey!—that's a lay-out, ain't it?

Sly *(trying to secure the purse on the counter without being seen)* It's the devil's outfit, sure's you're born!

Sharp *(seeing him)*. Oh, no! you can't do that!—Pull out that purse! you've got it!

Sly. What purse?

Sharp. Hand over half o' that purse, I say, or I'll turn State's evidence!—Take your choice!

Sly. Well, wasn't I a-goin' to give you half, say?

Sharp. You didn't look like it.

Sly. Here, here's half—keep the purse, too.

Sharp. The purse?—oh, I'll put that in my gripsack—it'll do for a terbaccer bag. *(does so.)*

Sly *(gruffly)*. Come on now! we'll break that chest open.

Sharp. An axe! ha-a-a! where'd you get it?

Sly. At the stable. —Move away, will you?

Sharp. Let it drive! Break the lock, man!—Ha-a-a! *(as the lock is struck off, both men struggle to get possession of the chest.)*

Sly. Back! will you? *(tries the lid)* Ha! there's a spring lock!

Sharp *(seizing the axe)*. Look out there! *(strikes at the lid; in a moment more they hear some one calling loudly outside, and this is followed by a rapping at the door. It is Warsaw just arrived in his buggy. Sharp instantly disappears, with his carpetbag, through the window)*

Sly *(irresolute)*. Devil! what's here?—we'll never get the money! *(runs behind the counter)*

ENTER WARSAW, *somewhat irritated at the delay—carries two carpetbags and a fiddle.*

War. See here, innkeeper, are you going to keep me out here all night with these carpetbags? I've stood at that door until I'm color-blind! (*Sly creeps through the door*) The landlord's out, of course! (*raps the floor loudly*) If he's asleep, that noise will rouse a dormant alligator! (*sits down*)

RE-ENTER SLY, *pretending to be the innkeeper.*

Sly (*affecting surprise*). Oh! you—er—been—been waitin' here for me?

War. So it seems. What is the matter around here, anyhow?

Sly. Come on and I'll show you (*takes him by the arm*) There's biggest fire you ever saw—

War (*rising quickly*). Ah! a fire? Oh, well, never mind about that; I'll remain here (*sits down again*).

Sly (*aside*). The devil! he'll spoil the work!

War. Let me have your name, will you?

Sly. My name? Oh-h—Sandy!

War. Ever been in Colorado? (*Sly starts*)

Sly. Me?—oh, no! lived here twenty years.

War. Your face bears a very striking resemblance to that of an old fellow I used to see out there occasionally—an inveterate old scoundrel he was, too!

Sly. Ha! ha! ha!—ha-a-a!

War. What ails you now?

Sly. The ideer of an old landlord like me bein' took for that! ha! ha!—Have a cigar, stranger? (*the box on the counter*)

War. Certainly I will! and I may add, I will try some of this wine also, if you have no objection. (*sits down at table*)

Sly. Objection? Oh, no! none o' that in me. I'm not one o' your stingy red-headed tavern-keepers!—I'm goin' to join you myself (*sits down at table in a sociable fashion*)

War. A very neat spread out, innkeeper, very neat. (*lights the cigar*) Fugh! can't compliment your cigars! What do they cost a million?

Sly (eating voraciously). Them's smuggled. I'll give you a handful if you like 'em.

War. No more for me! One's all I care for at a single sitting. —But to come to business: Happening to be driving by just now in my buggy, it occurred to me to stop here for a night—perhaps for a week—it depends on circumstances. What about the health of this place?

Sly. Well, toler'ble so so.

War (rising). Tolerable so so, is it? Then I'll drive on to the next town. I don't want a healthy place, mark me!

Sly. What's that?—Wait, what is your pertickler line?

War. My particular line?—My friend, I am the authorized agent for the sale of Dr. Fleetwood's beneficent remedies—mark me, beneficent—Fleetwood's "Anti-Dandruff or Bald Man's Hope," the greatest hair-producer and dandruff eradicator ever discovered, supplemented by Fleetwood's "Nasal Catarrh Specific," infallible for catarrh, coughs, col'ls, or incipient consumption, risk no other!

Sly. Oho! you're a doctor then?—Well, to come to the point, I think there is a good openin' for that sort o' bisness around here; that is, just now. It's fair time here, you see.

War. So I understand, and thousands of people in town, too, no doubt.

Sly. Thousands of 'em, and so it's my opinyun—now I give this from what I've seen—it's my opinyun, you can do a rousin' big bisness in a week's time!

War. Aha! I'll try the experiment, my friend. Put me down for a week's board, and no mistake! (*they go to the counter; War saw registers*) So that settles it, eh?

Sly. It settles the question—yes, sir, settles it, barrin' one little item.

War. Eh?

Sly. Terms allus in-advance! It's the rule here at fair time, and so we'll close the bargain on ten dollars.

War. Oh, strictly cash, is it? Very well, write me out a

receipt there. (*Sly writes it and delivers to War.*) Signed "Sandy." That's right. (*takes out a roll of bills, extends a ten-dollar bill, and as Sly puts out his hand to take it, Warsaw suddenly withdraws it, and eyes the tramp suspiciously*) Well, sir! I persist, my friend, you *are* the crudest-looking specimen I've beheld in many a day! (*Sly removes his hat to scratch his head*) Baldheaded, too!—bald as an orchestra!

Sly. I've allus been so, stranger, allus.

War. Always?

Sly. Allus—born so!

War. Ha! a wise old head you've got, to be sure! Let me examine that nob of yours, will you? (*does so*)—(*aside*) Aha! he needs it now.—Hold your head there a minute, old man, hold your head! (*takes from his valise a bottle of "Anti-Dandruff."*)

Sly (aside). Great devil! what's he up to?

War (exhibiting the bottle). The only hope for bald heads! With your permission, I shall rub some of this infallible ointment into your head to-night by way of experiment, and watch the results.

Sly. What!—But—er—

War. Warranted to make that bald nob of yours bristle like a cocklebur! (*removes the cork*) Now, old man, I'm ready—hand me your head.—I repeat, hand me your head.

Sly (leaning over the counter). Let me look at the bottle a minnit, will you? (*examines it*)

War. Observe the baldheaded man in the picture there; he's a young man and feels awkward. His hat's just blown off in the presence of six young ladies.—Now turn the bottle around, there's the same young man with a full suit of hair, standing under a window, serenading Dr. Fleetwood in his laboratory, 76 Maiden Lane!—What do you think of it?

Sly. Well, I'll take two of the bottles, and if it's got the ability to start my hair to sproutin'?—

War. Oh, it'll do it! it'll do it! But don't procrastinate; make an early application to that glistening surface.

Sly. It's a bargain then. What's the cost? (*puts the bottle on the counter*)

War. Fifty cents apiece, two for a dollar.

Sly (repeating). Two for a dollar—dollar?—dol—? By the way, my friend, you've got to settle up your board bill yet! No gettin' out o' that! (*extending his hand*) Ten dollars, if you please!

War. Board-bill?—Oh, the devil! don't annoy me that way! I've changed my notions about it.

Sly. But don't you owe the money, say?

War. My friend, quietly drop the subject, it's disagreeable to me!

Sly. Ha!—

War. Besides, I've concluded to wait awhile, and not pay a bill I haven't contracted. It's only a business way of mine.

Sly. I repeats, terms allus in advance!

War. Sorry to disappoint you, but it can't be avoided to-night. (*loud laughing heard outside*)

Sly (quickly reaching the window). You know what you are, eh? You're the biggest rascal in town! (*shakes his fist*) Oh, I'll get even with you, young man! (*disappears through the window*)

War. What! (*the door opens*) Ha! there's something the matter here.

RE-ENTER LUCY, GRACE, AND FRED *somewhat excited with wine.*

Fred (walking up to Warsaw). Here he is—(*to Grace*)—Oh, no, he isn't the one!

War (aside). What does that young man mean? (*sees Lucy*) Ah! Miss Lucy, I am very happy to meet you again!

Lucy. Mr. Warsaw!

War. You are quite surprised.

Lucy. Quite so! - But what brings you to Fairville?

War. A great many things; but I think the fair chiefly attracted me. And so you are registered here, also?

Lucy. Oh, yes, I am detained here till the morning.

War. A very cosy inn we have, but a most detestable inn-keeper!

Grace. Sir! (*looks daggers*)

War. Pardon me, lady—

Fred (taking her part). What did you say, sir? What did you say?

War. What do you mean, sir?

Fred. I say, what did you say, sir?

War. Tut, don't interrupt me, my lad!

Fred. Lad!—Who's a lad? Who?

War. Sh! be quiet, will you? You make too much noise.

Fred. What! You can't suppress me! No, sir!—What ought I to do, cousin Lucy?

Lucy. Really, my dear cousin, you are quite ridiculous to-night! Be more composed. I fear you drank too much champagne at the fire.

War (aside). Champagne and fire!—There's a dead loss for me.

Fred. Too much? Why the old gentleman gave Grace and myself (*hic*) one bottle—that's all—for putting out the fire—Where is my valise?—Ah, this will do. (*takes up the bottle of "Anti-Dandruff" on the counter and a glass*)

Grace. Yes, only one, Miss Lucy, and it's very chilly to night!

War (observing Fred) Stop, my friend, don't drink that. Put that bottle down:

Fred. Well! how clever you are! You really amuse me.

War. Glad to hear it.

Fred. Have you got any objection to my enjoying myself?

War. No, not the slightest—go ahead—drink the whole bottle—it's medicine—

Fred (astonished). Medicine!—Tut, I don't want this; I have something of my own! Where is my valise? (*takes it*) Ha! what fiend—Hades!—look here, cousin Lucy!

Lucy. Oh, dear! where is mine?

Grace. Why, certainly very strange! I wish father would return.

Lucy. Oh, horror! what does this mean?

War. Thieves, I'll warrant.

Fred. My flask—ha! everything upset!

Lucy. What in the world has become of my—my—my—

War. What, Miss Lucy, what?

Lucy. My—my—oh-h-h! (*nightrobe*)

War (*aside*). Innocent, but charming! (*the door opens*) Ha!
Captain Jenkins, as I live!

RE-ENTER SANDY, assisting Jenkins, who has "gone too far."

Jenk (*simulating perfect sobriety*). Who spoke? (*hic*) Confound it! I heard my name.—Ha! you Warsaw; old fellow, (*hic*) you don't observe anything peculiar about me, do you?

War. Why, nothing, Captain, nothing whatever, except you are remarkably sober.

Jenk. I am. This surprise, old fellow, enables me—confound it!—to pledge with you! (*pours a little in Warsaw's glass and fills his own*)

War. Whee ugh!—intensely warm!

Jenk (*eyeing him*). Oh, no! oh, no! I never go too far! Make a note of it! (*they drink*)

Lucy (*to Grace*). Accommodations? Indeed! we have already arranged with the landlord.

Sandy. What landlord, Miss?

Fred. Yes, we secured our rooms at once, and I advise you to be quick about getting yours!

Sandy. Beg your pardon, friends, but you are laborin' under a mistake.

Lucy. Indeed! how presumptuous, Fred!

Fred. Ridiculous! what do you all know about it, anyhow?

Sandy. I am the owner of the inn, strangers!

War. Ha!—Are there any more?

Fred. Great snakes! Who is the other owner then?

Lucy. Mercy on us! Here—look—see—What does all this mean? (*shows the valises*)

Sandy. What!—My daughter—Grace come here!—No— (*goes to the till*)

Grace. I don't know anything about it, father.

Sandy. Thieves! thieves!

All. Thieves! (*Sandy glances around the room and singles out Warsaw. He taps him upon the shoulder*)

War. Well, sir, what'll you have?

Sandy. How'd you come here?

War. I came in a buggy.

Sandy. Now, see here, we want to know something about this money that's missin'.

War. You do?—Well, ask the man who gave me this receipt—a fellow wearing a neat black coat and a brand new felt hat.

Sandy (*looking for the hat and coat on the wall*). Ha! is that so?

Lucy. Oh, yes, sir, I remember him well. (*to Sandy*) This gentleman is surely not to blame.

Sandy. Aha! that's it? We've been robbed by a rascal of a tramp!—Aha-a!

Lucy. The mean fellow!

Fred. Well, sir! it's extraordinary that he should have gulled me!

Jenk. Amazing audacity!

War (*seizing his carpetbags*). See here, innkeeper, I'm going to retire from the scenes. You'll find my horse and buggy out in the yard; give him plenty of corn. Now point me to my room. I have had enough lunacy to night; I have enjoyed your private asylum very much, and so has Jenkins—

Jenk. I have, sir! No more for me!

Fred (*frantically*). By Cato! the purse! the purse! I'm robbed! Somebody has picked my pockets! Oh-h!

Sandy. Ha! impossible! *Lucy screams, and fainting away, is supported by Warsaw, while Sandy makes to the chest.*

[CURTAIN]

ACT II.

SCENE I:—*The Fair Grounds. On a tree is the following notice :*

NOTICE!!

\$200 Reward for the arrest of the Incendiary, or Incendiaries, who destroyed my barn on the night of September 20th.

DAVID BOSWELL, OWNER.

ENTER WARSAW *in his buggy, followed by a motley crowd of villagers, negroes and Fair people with baskets. Toward the close of the speech, Sharp appears with his carpetbag, and engages in a side talk with Aleck Clide, who happens to be present.*

War (*rising*). Here we are, my friends, and no mistake about it. I'm a-going to make your hair stand up and your eyes pop out in a few minutes; I'm a-going to work a few miracles around here just for amusement. But before I do so, I want to say that this is the finest country I've ever visited, and certainly the best looking crowd I've ever gazed upon. And that's not half. Look at the flourishing condition of this district, look at it! And what's the cause of it all? Why, it's all owing to the quality of the people that live here, the thriftiest on the face of the globe! And I may add likewise that I'm greatly interested in the political welfare of this country; for I cannot but believe that the Independent candidate for Congress from this district is an insufferable rascal (applause)—thanks—a scamp totally unfit to be seen in the great drawing-room of Uncle Sam at the capital of this country!

Rascality is broadcast, of course—from Patagonia to the Navy Department. But mark me, friends, I make exceptions. On reflection, there is an honest man here and there, at irregular intervals, and I'm a-going to stand right here and proclaim to the world, firmly but modestly, that skill, perseverance and honesty have enabled me for one to bring before the public of Fairville the most dazzling discovery of the nineteenth century—Fleetwood's celebrated “Anti Dandruff, or Bald Man's Hope,”

the greatest hair-producer and dandruff eradicator ever discovered! Risk no other!

Yes, my colored friend right over there, it will take the kinks* out of your woolly head and make your hair as straight as broom straw!

First Negro. What's dat, boss? Lord mussy, man, gimme er bottle! (*exit negro with a bottle*)

War. Fifty cents each, two for a dollar. Go home and be happy. The gentleman right over here takes another! Don't be afraid but come forward. Any baldheads in this crowd, just hand 'em over this way—warranted to make a bald head bristle like a cocklebur. One minute, sir. Yes, sir, it'll suit you so well, my friend, you won't live without it. Try it, and you'll be the happiest man among your horses, goats and hogs that ever lived here! Hogs did I say? Hogs it was, and if I can't illuminate your craniums on the subject of that animal, I'll retract everything I've said. So walk close and listen, for I'm going to begin right off. 'Twas the beautiful country around Little Rock, my friends, where the g astly tragedy happened. The whole place was just alive with those brush-wood batteries called wasp-nests, and 't wasn't long before I discovered one hanging to a sprig of a blackberry bush—don't forget that—six or seven bushes were grouped around it, and suddenly I perceived a pig lurking about there earning his living, whose inquisitive faculties had been hugely developed. Presently he drifted over toward the blackberries, and began to poke his way through the bushes on his tour of investigation. He went about it like a Committee of Congress after fraud, and in a moment more drew up before the wasp-nest and sniffed the air. He eyed the battery and grunted. I looked—aha! I saw him open his mouth to take in the tempting bait. He took it in; he also took in the situation. And

*At the close of the war, a mountebank from the North bottled water from the Mississippi, and sold it to the negroes in Arkansas under the above guarantee. As this incident is common property, I have incorporated it here, for the sake of illustrating some types of the character.

then he left the place, I observed, with six wasps clinging to the end of his snout, besides two that had gone up his nostrils, which they had mistaken for a dirt-dauber's nest. He had eight. And now he began to disappear, and I may add, flung dim distance behind him—'Twas no use, however, for although the pig passed the ten-mile post under a full head of steam, it was evident that those two wasps were still snugly at work up his nostrils. He was travelling at a fearful velocity, for it was observed that his shadow did not keep pace with him, but was at least half a league to the aft of him. On he fled, and as he hove in sight of the forty-mile post, he was still travelling at the ordinary velocity of a society scàndal. And then he stopped suddenly—a stream of water was across his path—a moment's reflection, however—in he plunged, and as he pulled out on the opposite bank, it was evident he showed signs of wear and tear. A kindly farmer who was at work on that side, took the pig in charge, and having ascertained the matter, filled his nostrils with gunpowder, and blew out the remnants of the wasps. Even after this treatment, the ungrateful pig was not happy, for he grew sedate, declined in health, and died subsequently of Nasal Catarrh, that insidious enemy of the human race, for which, by the way, Dr. Fleetwood has discovered an infallible remedy—mark me, infallible—Fleetwood's "Nasal Catarrh Specific," risk no other! For colds in the head, coughs, nasal catarrh, or incipient consumption, I'll stake my earthly possessions on this remedy against a drug store, and defy the head clerk to compound an equal! Remember, gentlemen, sold under an absolute guarantee as a specific, and a hundred dollars reward offered for a case of incurable catarrh! The gentleman right here takes the first bottle, and the next goes right here. Don't be modest, but come to the front! Yes, sir, in a minute—it'll suit your case exactly, and 't won't be any time before you'll come back to me and crave the medicine! Take the bottles home to your families and be happy. Has everybody got a bottle?—Everybody has got one—keep the corks well in, and now, my friends, if you'll

walk right over yonder to that circus tent, the big black monkey will amuse you for the rest of the time! (*exit crowd quickly*)

Aleck (to *Sharp* who has been quietly watching *Warsaw*). This way, sir; the doctor is goin' to the inn, and I'll get you the seat as I promised, in his buggy. (*they go to the buggy, Sharp leaving his carpetbag behind*) Doctor, you'll oblige me by givin' this gentleman a lift along the way. I promised Sandy to send him any guests I could. (*exit*)

War. Get in, my friend. (*does so, forgetting his carpetbag. Presently Lucy appears*)

ENTER LUCY!

Lucy. Why, good evening! *Such a charming walk I've had!

War. And such a delightful accident, Miss Lucy! You must by all means drive back with me.

Lucy. Oh, it will be charming. I accept.

War. Permit me to assist you in. Are you a good driver?

Lucy. Excellent! Do you remember the drive we took in Louisville sometime ago?

War. Perfectly! (*seeing Sharp*) Ah!—My friend, isn't that your carpetbag out there? Why don't you jump out and get it?

Sharp. Mine? Where's the bag?—O yes! I'd forgot the thing. (*he gets out and walks leisurely to the carpetbag*)

War (*seizing the opportunity*). Come up! St. Julien!

Sharp (*turning about*). Hey! stop there! Stop! (*runs after the buggy*)

SCENE II—A deep forest road along the Ohio.

On a tree is the following notice:

NOTICE!!

\$200 Reward for the arrest of the Incendiary, or Incendiaries, who destroyed my barn on the night of September 20th.

DAVID BOSWELL, OWNER.

ENTER SHARP, in hot pursuit.

Sharp. Hold up there!—Devil a way to do! (*sees some one*) Ha! who's that!

ENTER SLY.

Sly. Keep cool, my friend, it's me! I'm allus on your track.

Sharp. You needn't to be followin' me around. I'll give you half, man.

Sly. That's what I want, you hear?—Now what's your plan?

Sharp. I've got the promise of a job at the country circus that's just put up at the Fair Grounds, where I helped to pitch the tent, and so I'm goin' to sail under that name at the inn. How'll that go?

Sly. It may do, but care's the thing. You'll find the people up there simple enough, barrin' that man Warsaw—Look out for him!

Sharp. Oh, I'll keep my eye on him, be cert'n of that! I've got my plans fixed up for him.

Sly. And you can count on my bein' around there, too, to-night, you hear?

Sharp. Well, you needn't to be peepin' around! I'm a-goin' to that inn o' my own accord, and I reckon I can get along without you. (*exit*)

Sly. I reckon you can, but you'll not! (*sees the notice*) Two hundred dollars! So there's a reward out? (*seriously*) A reward! Ha! that's a dangerous sign!—dangerous! Fool! he'd better keep out of this! Quick! and I may stop him! (*runs*) Ha! too late! he's with somebody! *He'll go there anyhow!*—Fool! I'm lost if he turns State's evidence at the inn! (*reflecting*) I'll go! I'll leave the country!—But the money! the money! he'll get it!—oh, I'll have the money myself, or turn State's evidence at the inn! Ha! ha! ha! (*exit*)

SCENE III.—*The grounds about the Inn.—A wood-saw and a horse supporting a log of wood, are some distance in front of the building.*

ENTER FRED, *running from the door to the saw, which he begins to use vigorously*

ENTER SANDY, *a minute afterward.*

Sandy (aside). Egad, I believe he's been kissing my daughter!

I'm certain of it! (*goes toward Fred, who hops over the horse for safety*)

Fred. Ah, 'tis you, Sandy! I couldn't imagine at first who it was walking behind me.

Sandy. Yes, it's me, and how do you like sawing wood?

Fred. Oh, couldn't enjoy anything more this charming weather! You see, we college fellows don't get the opportunity often.

Sandy (slyly). Glad to hear it; I've always said I wouldn't let any man marry my daughter until he had the grit to saw three or four cords of wood on the stretch—

Fred. What! (*aside*) I betray myself!

Sandy. Just to see what he is.—Now wait, you can't saw that way; it's upside down.

Fred. Oho! it's a cranky thing anyway.

Sandy. There.—Now, when you've finished sawing up that splinter, just walk right around there to the stable, you'll find two or three cords—help yourself!

Fred. Thanks—a splinter—four cords!—well, isn't he an amusing monster? (*here Grace creeps up behind him, a straw in her hand*) Grace is a charming little creature, to be sure, and I half way believe I'm in love with her. (*she tickles his ear and he slaps*) But the strangest part of it is, that I should have exhibited the symptoms first! (*slaps*) Generally I get the advantage (*slaps*)—Wonder if the old man's in earnest about those four cords? (*slaps*) Hope I won't have the nightmare over it to-night. (*slaps vigorously*) By Cato! where is that fly?—oh, you charming creature!—Tickle me some more!

Grace. Ha! ha! ha!—what were you talking about?

Fred. Come, let me tell you, Grace.

Grace (coming nearer). Well, tell me.

Fred. Come closer, please.

Grace. Well—

Fred. Oh, that isn't close enough, Grace!

Grace. Now then—

Fred. A little too far off yet; I want to whisper, please.

Grace. Oh-h-h!

Fred (*putting his arm around her, and taking her hand in his*).
Now, put your ear very close—oh, you are looking! (*kisses her*)

Fred. Now Fred, what did you do that for?—I'm mad with you!

Sandy (*inside*). My daughter! Daughter!

Grace. Good-bye! Tra la la! tra la la! (*exit; Fred saws wood vigorously*)

ENTER LUCY AND WARSAW, *in the buggy*.

War. Hallo! my young friend, where's the hostler?

Fred. I'll take charge of the racer if you have no objection.
I'll drive down to the fair.

Lucy. Now don't let him run away with you, cousin Fred.

ENTER JENKINS, *in a great rush, his vest half on and his coat over his arm*.

Jenk. Hey there! pst! pst! Stop that buggy! (*to Warsaw*)
My regards!

War (*seizing him*), What's the matter, Captain?

Jenk. A telegram, sir, from Louisville for a drove of fifty short horns and the balance in hogs! (*runs on, and suddenly confronts Sharp. They scan each other*) My regards! (*exeunt Jenk, and Fred, in the buggy*)

ENTER GRACE, *with a letter*.

Grace. Here is a letter for you, Miss Lucy.

Lucy. A letter for me?—Away I go! (*hastens to the door*)

War. But—don't forget your promise.

Lucy. Oh, never! (*exit*)

Grace (*seeing Sharp*). Dear me! there is a stranger yonder!
Perhaps he wants board.

War. I think he does; go and see your father. Do me the kindness to leave this bag of mine *just inside the door as you enter, will you?*

Grace. Certainly! (*exit with the valise*)

War (to Sharp). Well, my friend, I'm sorry you changed your mind and concluded not to go with us.

Sharp. Ye-s, so 'm I; but I managed to get a lift along the road after all. That's my style o' doin' bisness!

War. You're a man of energy then?

Sharp. We-ll, I go by that name.

War. And what is your particular style of business at present?

Sharp. We-ll, I happen to be in the circus bisness just now. We lay over everything in that line

War. So I judge.

Sharp. And I reckon I know somethin' about country circ'ses, too; we're goin' to make things bilin' hot around here in that line.

War (dropping his handkerchief unawares). So I judge. (*aside*) He's peculiar, to say the least. (*exit*)

Sharp (picking up the handkerchief). I'll make use of this d'rectly. 'Twon't take me long to make Sandy believe the owner of it's a rascal. (*puts it into his pocket*)

ENTER SANDY.

Sandy. Is it board you want, sir?

Sharp. Yes, I want the best room you have left.

Sandy. You shall have it, sir.

Sharp. I happen to be in the circus bisness just now. We've just pitched the biggest tent at the fair grounds.

Sandy. Aha!—*Let me put your carpetbag just inside the door here (does so)*

Sharp. Thanks. Yes, we're just in from the up-country. Didn't make much money up there on account of the beastly rascals lurkin' around. Why, just before we left, the treas'rer of the show was beat out o' fifty dollars by a scoundrel named—let me see—named Warsaw.

Sandy. What!

Sharp. Yes—that's his name, sells some sort o' medicine.

Sandy. Death and the devil! he's here! in my inn!

Sharp. Ha! is that so?—Well, I beg your pardon for—for—

Sandy. No, no; egad, I've had my eye on him for some time!—
(*aside*) Wonder if he didn't work in league with that rascal the other night?

Sharp. Well, it's not as bad as I thought; you'll know how to do now. Now I'm goin' on back to the fair for a time, so you'll please fix that room of mine right off, won't you?

Sandy. To be sure, I'll go this very minute! (*exit*)

Sharp (chuckling to himself) He's knocked off his guard already! (*looks around cautiously and then goes stealthily to the inn door*) Now's my chance to try that chest, and empty the till at the same time! I'll do it! (*enters the inn; finds the chest closed. He empties the till, leaves Warsaw's handkerchief behind the counter by way of circumstantial evidence, and returns quickly with the money in his hand*) Ten dollars from the till. (*shaking his head*) The chest's no go! It'll have to come open, and I'll make him do it, too, before night! (*sees someone in the yard*) Ha! what devil's this in the yard?

ENTER KENT, just returned—a valise and an umbrella in his hand

Kent. Good day, my friend; may I enquire if Sandy's to be found at the inn?

Sharp (gruffly). No! gone out!

Kent I have a message I'd like to leave for him—his daughter here?

Sharp. No! all gone out!

Kent (fumbling with a note). Well, I'd like very much to leave this note. It relates to—to—to some money of mine, and I can't wait long.

Sharp. Some money?—(*interested*) Well what's your occupation? your business?

Kent. I'm known hereabouts as the circuit rider—

Sharp. Ha! circus-rider?

Kent. You puzzle me, sir.

Sharp. Well, I'm in the same business myself.

Kent. Bless you, what's your name, brother?

Sharp (with a leer). Eh?

Kent. Your name ?

Sharp. Oh, my name ?—it's Sharp.

Kent. Brother Sharp ! receive my welcome ! (*shakes his hand*)

Sharp. Humph !—this bangs the bush !

Kent. Does what, my brother ?

Sharp. Bangs the bush.—But tell me what's that got to do with this money of yours ?

Kent. Very true, very true ; I have been sorely vexed about money of late. I even dream about it : on one side are thieves and robbers, and on the other deception and fraud, so that it's hard to tell what's good or what's bad, or what money's sound, or what's counterfeit.

Sharp. You're right now.

Kent. But really I forgot to ask you what denomination you like, or prefers. Any preference ?

Sharp. Don't make much difference to me about the denominations, legal tender's good enough for me.

Kent (*puzzled*). Legal tender ?

Sharp. Say what you please about gold and silver, green-backs is the kind o' money to have in this country !

Kent. No, no, I don't mean that, I mean your denomination, your creed.

Sharp. Say, look here, what are you talkin' about ? what are you up to ? what's your name ?

Kent. Oh, I didn't tell you that ! My name is Kent.

Sharp. Kent !—ha ! (*extending his hand*) Brother Kent ! how are you ? (*they shake hands*) O yes ! O yes !—Let me hand your note to Sandy !

Kent. Thank you ! thank you ! just deliver this note to Sandy, and also (*searching his pockets*) this key to his chest, which I took the other night unawares.

Sharp. A key !—ha ! yes, I'll take it ! (*Kent delivers both*) Now don't let me keep you here, you're in a great hurry, I know !

Kent. I am, but—ah ! here is Sandy now ! So let me have the key !

Sharp. The key!—oh—er—er—the key?—you want to—er—oh, yes! here it is! (*delivers it*)

ENTER SANDY.

Sandy. Ah, Parson, you have come for that yellow cloth.
(*Sharp listens eagerly*)

Kent Well, not that exactly. I have come rather to deliver the key I took from you, and also to ask you to keep the legacy during this week, as I find I have to leave town off and on for the next few days. (*hands the key*)

Sandy. Very well, very well, it's safe in the chest. You may be assured, no mortal being shall have this (*the key*) for one second!

Kent. I believe you, Sandy, so good day to you all! (*exit*)

Sharp. Well, sir, *I'm just back from the fair.* Is the room ready? (*Aleck appears in the yard*)

Sandy. It's in good order now, and I think you'll like it.—But here comes the constable.—This way, Aleck.

ENTER ALECK.

Aleck. Good day to you all. (*to Sharp*) So you found the inn?

Sharp. Yes, had no trouble about it. (*looking around*) It's a fine place.

Aleck. First-rate!—You'll find Sandy the best landlord in the State. And by the way, Sandy, I sent this stranger to your inn in preference to the other one.

Sharp. Yes, he did recommend me to come here, seein' I was a stranger

Sandy. Much obliged to you, Aleck; I hope to repay you sometime. (*to Sharp*) Now, sir, would you like to see your room?

Sharp. Yes, we'll all go and see it.

Aleck. No, excuse me; I only dropped in to say a word to Sandy about you. I must be off to court. (*exit*)

Sandy. Just follow me. (*they enter; in passing behind the*

counter, Sandy finds the handkerchief, and they return quickly to examine it in the light) Egad, what's this doing behind my counter?

Sharp. It looks like a handkerchief.

Sandy. Wonder whose it is?

Sharp. Ain't it got a name?—Yes, there it is on the corner.

Sandy. Let me see—War—saw—ha! the devil! (*runs behind the counter and returns quickly*) The scoundrel! he's robbed my till!

Sharp. What!—Get the constable then! (*rushes back into the yard—by way of pretence*)

Sandy. Stop there!—(*aside*) Aha! I'll watch that man! (*points at Sharp*) Egad, I'll watch them both!—But Aleck!—Aleck sent him here! I'll wait then; I'll lay a trap for Warsaw and see! (*Sharp returns*) This way, sir; follow me. (*exit*)

Sharp. It goes well. I'll have that chest open by night, and once my hand's on the money, I'll leave for Texas! (*exit*)

ENTER WARSAW, in the background—walks forward briskly. At the same moment GRACE appears, standing in the door.

War (*seeing her*). Ah, Grace, will you please bring my carpetbag here? You will find it just inside the door there.

Grace. Certainly! (*goes to get it*)

War. I see Jenkins coming up the road with my buggy, and I find it necessary to return to the fair for a time. I understand, from a reliable source, that a certain party is out there selling a compound—spurious, of course—calculated to injure the reputation of my firm. I'm going to meet him in the arena. (*Grace puts the carpetbag at his feet*) Ah, thanks! Here is a pretty rose for you, Grace.

Grace. Oh, thank you, sir!

War. Now don't let Fred know that I gave it to you!

Grace (*surprised*) Oh-h-h!—hush!—I will tell Miss Lacy, though! (*exit quickly*)

War. Ha! I must be off! (*seizes the carpetbag*) Why, how is this? She has brought me Sharp's carpetbag! Sharp's?—Something peculiar about that fellow. Heavy, too! (*shakes it*) Exceedingly heavy! It must be full of solid gold! Ah-h! it has jolted open!—Ha! what does this mean—hay in a carpet-bag? (*takes some out*) Confound it! brickbats, too! (*takes some out*) Aha! more rascality about, eh?

ENTER JENKINS, *in the background*.

Jenk. Pst! pst! this way, Warsaw, this way! I have something beautiful to show you.

War. Well, what is it?

Jenk. A magnificent Berkshire hog—just brought him up.

War. I'll come over presently.

Jenk. Oh, I have him right here, right here in the stable—extraordinary object!

War. How in the name of sense did you get him up here?

Jenk. Brought him up in the buggy, man.

War. What!

Jenk. The finest specimen you ever saw!

War. A Berkshire hog in my buggy?

Jenk. Oh, you'll get over it, you'll get over it when you see him.

War. I hope I will; but come here, Captain, I have something much more wonderful to show you—Observe this hay—look at these brickbats?—miraculous carpetbag! What do you think of it?

Jenk. The owner, sir, must be a scoundrel! That's clear enough!

War. And I suppose you are ready at any time to make it hot for him?

Jenk. I am, sir. But let us be perfectly quiet about it for the present, I'll go now and load my revolver. (*exit*)

War. And I'll continue the investigation—a brick—another brick—some hay—a stone—an old shoe—all empty?—No, what is this?—A pocketbook! Aha! I'll take charge of this myself.

(*puts it into his pocket*) Here's a mystery. However, these emags must go back as they were. (*while he is putting them back, Lucy appears in the yard, with a letter in her hand, and regards him with much astonishment*) Let me see—just inside the door here. (*replaces it, and turns around*) Ah! quite a delightful surprise, to be sure!

Lucy. Well, what in the world were you doing? (*drops the letter*)

War. I? Oh, nothing, nothing at all!

Lucy. Yes, but I insist, you were very busy with somebody's carpetbag, and I want to know, too.

War. Just like a girl! wants to know everything, and you shall. I was—you see—engaged then, Lucy—engaged in—well, in examining some geological specimens, about which I will tell you presently. (*picks up the letter*) So you have heard from somebody?

Lucy. Oh, yes, a most charming letter—(*aside*) from home!

War (*suspicious*). A charming letter! girls are always receiving charming letters!—(*aside*) I half suspect her. (*reads it*)

Lucy. Oh! but you must not read it!

War. Why? Do you object?

Lucy. Well, you had better not. So indelicate, you know.

War (*aside*). I have it!—(*gives her the letter coolly*) Here is your letter, Lucy! (*walks off*)

Lucy. Well, what now? You are not jealous I hope?—Read it then! Here, William;—here it is—Oh, William! please take it! Now, it is more than you would do. (*gives it*)

War. You only think so, Lucy. (*glances over the letter*)

Lucy. Now are you satisfied? You wouldn't permit anyone to look at your letters and correspondence, would you?

War. I? Lucy, you may have them all if you want!—anything—everything—all I've got!

Lucy. You will? Honor bright?

War. Lucy, you may have my bank book if you want!

Lucy. Very well, sir, I will put you to the test. It isn't in the nature of a man to show a wife his correspondence.

War. How ignorant you are of men! Women still cling to that notion.

Lucy. Now come he.e. What letter is this I see in your pocket here? (*takes it out herself*)

War. That is from an old friend of mine, a former clerk in a big dry goods house. Afterward he became a runner—he's a runner still.

Lucy. Indeed! where is he?

War. Rusticating in France. He wants to know if it is time to come home yet.

Lucy. And what is this, pray? (*takes out a travelling flask*)

War. That? oh, that—don't take the stopper out, Lucy, it's nothing but medicine—cures snake bites.

Lucy. Medicine?—How often are you snake bitten?

War. It's chronic with me!

Lucy. Indeed! how you must suffer!—Well, here is another letter.

War. No, that is a poem of mine, called "Springtime," written, I believe, on the first of April, and submitted to the South American Review. The editor didn't like it, but I'll read it to you after awhile.

Lucy. Very well, I shall be sure to remind you of it. I'm very fond of nonsense!

War. Thank you.—(*aside*) Singular taste for a girl. (*puts it away*)

Lucy. And here is—(*aside*) a purse! Strange! it is the purse that was lost!—Oh, William! William! you have been false!

War. False!—Oh, no! it cannot be!

Lucy. Am I wrong!—My purse!—No! you are false! What proves your treachery but this?

War. I care not for the purse! There's no treachery in me!

ACT III.

SCENE:—*The Inn Parlor.* TIME: *Night of the same day.*

ENTER JENKINS, *with a pistol in his hand.*

Jenk. Well, I believe I am ready.—Ah! not here. This is Warsaw exactly; when you want him, you can't find him. (*puts his hand to his ear*) I hear him coming now. No, it is our landlord! I must be cautious. (*puts the pistol away*)

ENTER SANDY, *talking aloud to himself.*

Sandy. No! no! it won't do! I can't have it!—Plague me! I am vexed to death.—This marriage won't do!

Jenk. What marriage?

Sandy (surprised). Ah!—I—er—I meant my daughter's marriage to this young man.

Jenk. And why not, friend Sandy? I understand that Fred is quite well off in the world—

Sandy. Well off?—(*aside*) I didn't know that.

Jenk. If I am not mistaken, he is an only son, and has money as well as lands—

Sandy. Ha! is that so, Captain?

Jenk. I vouch for the statement, sir.

Sandy (aside). I've been too hasty then.

Jenk. Besides, sir, it would be pleasant to arrange two marriages on the same day, wouldn't it?

Sandy. Two? You are not thinking of marrying, Captain?

Jenk. Oh, no! oh, no! I am sufficiently married already!—I was referring to our friend Warsaw, who has resolved to move to the city with his bride, and at my solicitation, accept a half interest in the journal which I have established there. But really I must see him at once. (*exit*)

Sandy. Aha! what now? what now?—Egad! I'll watch this man Sharp! Though there's no reason for it, still I'll do it, spite of Aleck. 'Gad I have it! I'll lay a trap for both, and make sure to catch the guilty one! Ha! ha! ha!—Meantime (*searches his pockets*) this money of Kent's (*takes it out as Sharp appears*)

at the door) is safer, perhaps, in some deeper pocket of my coat. —Plague the chest! I'd tather trust myself to-night. Now I'll go and fix that—ah! (*sees Sharp entering*) walk in! (*smiles*)

Sharp (*in a low voice*). Come, we'll carry out that scheme.

Sandy. I am ready. (*slyly*) Are you willing to join me now?

Sharp. Oh, down with the rascal! down with him! But hold a minnit; here's a couple o' dollers o' mine, put 'em in the till with yours, just to make it a little more temptin'.

Sandy (*surprised; aside*) Egad, I'll do it!—Thanks; I'll be back in a trice. (*exit*)

Sharp. Ha! there's somethin' evil in his look! I'll watch him closely now. That money's on him: I know it! And if Phil Sly's at his post directly, we'll make short work of him!

RE-ENTER SANDY.

Sandy. I have it fixed for him now.

Sharp. So then we'd better take a walk in the yard, or the lane, just to give him a chance at it.

Sandy. Very well, we'll do so. (*exeunt*)

ENTER FRED, *hurriedly*.

Fred. What, nobody here? I begin to suspect something. Ah! I hear somebody in the next room. (*exit*)

RE-ENTER SANDY, *suddenly, much excited, followed by Sharp*.

Sandy. Ha! who was that? (*grasps a light and looks out*) A robber, I'll warrant!

Sharp. A robber? I saw nobody.

Sandy. It is gone!—No, I'll not walk to-night. Some ruffian's on the watch!

Sharp. Some ruffian? Oh, no! you're mistaken—Let's see. (*grasps his arm*)

Sandy (*bluntly*). No! I'll not go, I say!—not a step!

Sharp. Stay then! (*slyly*) Maybe it was the man you're tryin' to catch!

Sandy. Ha! I'll go and see!—(*aside*) Dog me, I wish Parson Kent would keep his own money! (*exit*)

Sharp. Damned luck! Phil was too quick, and the man saw him! But we'll have that money yet! (*exit*)

ENTER GRACE, *tiptoe*

Grace. I wonder what all this mystery is about? Strange! Father is sullen and silent; Mr. Jenkins is loading a pistol—I saw him!—and Miss Lucy and Mr. Warsaw are talking, talking, talking, all to themselves! And poor Fred, too—dear me, I shall die of curiosity! (*a noise*) What was that? (*goes to the door*) It is Miss Lucy and Mr. Warsaw, I do believe! Oh, now is my chance to find out! Quick! where shall I hide?—This closet—just the place—splendid idea! (*enters*)

ENTER FRED, *tiptoe*.

Fred. Well! this is a queer state of affairs—everybody gone to talking secrets! Why, cousin Lucy won't let me come near her at all—always sending me off on some errand. I can't even get a minute's interview with Sandy; and the consequence is, I don't know anything about anybody. (*a noise*) What was that? (*goes to the door*) It is cousin Lucy and her confidant coming here!—Happy idea! I will conceal myself and listen! Where shall I hide? (*rushes around the room*) Ha! a closet! (*rushes into the closet; Grace screams and they rush out*)

Grace. Oh-h! Fred!

Fred. Oh-h! Grace!—sorry I came out now.

Grace. Now what did you do that for, Fred?

Fred. I—I—I was hiding from cousin Lucy—

Grace. Oh, well then, let us hide! (*Fred enters the closet, and Grace reflects a moment*) This sofa! (*goes behind it*)

ENTER LUCY AND WARSAW, *in search of some one.*

Lucy. They are not here. Does he suspect you?

War (*putting his hand to his ear*). Hush! I hear their voices! If I am not mistaken, these men are incendiaries—

Lucy. Incendiaries?

War. It would seem so. We shall see, however, when Aleck comes; we have some clue at least.

Lucy. And Sandy?

War. Will discover how tightly his eyes have been shut.
But come, I can't imagine where Jenkins is. (*exeunt*)

ENTER GRACE AND FRED, *tiptoe*.

Grace. Gracious me, Fred!

Fred. Incendiaries!

Grace. Give the alarm!

Fred. Sh! not now!

Grace. I am fainting, Fred—

Fred. Let me kiss you then!

Grace. No-o!—to-morrow! (*exeunt*).

(*Here the door is pushed half open, and Sly appears about to enter, but suddenly withdraws, as Jenkins enters at another door.*)

ENTER JENKINS, *covered with cobwebs*.

Jenk. Useless! useless! Perfectly useless! I'll just sit down here and wait till Warsaw comes! Here I've been groping around these premises in the darkness all for nothing! Finally I fell into the wine-cellar, among the bottles and barrels, and came near spending the night down there. (*the door opens*) Ah, here he is now.

ENTER WARSAW.

War. Well, Captain, where in the world have you been?

Jenk. Been in the cellar.—Brush these cobwebs off my back, will you?

War. I'll do so.—I understand, Captain, that you have notified your paper about the business arrangement we have entered into.

Jenk. I have, sir; everything has been attended to.—But to the point; when do you intend to seize this rascal?

War. We shall experiment with his corpse as soon as possible.

Jenk. Aha!—And what process do you suggest for his capture?

War. I would suggest, sir, the "instantaneous process!"

Jenk. Very good; now then let us go and find Aleck, the

constable; he has come at last—nearly an hour behind his promise! Every door, sir, must be watched. By the way, Warsaw, I have some money of Sandy's which I took from his till just now for safety. I'd better take charge of it for the present.

War. Excellent idea, Captain! That scoundrel Sharp might have stolen it. Now let us see Aleck at once. (*exeunt*).

ENTER SHARP, *with a bewildered countenance.*

Sharp. Sing'ler thing! That money's all gone—not a doller in the till! There's somethin' wrong, sure! Ah, here's Sandy. Well, what luck?

ENTER SANDY, *reflecting.*

Sandy. He's here in the house.—(*suddenly*) Was ever such rascality in a man's house? Why it equals Boswell's overseer, sir—

Sharp (*astonished*). How's that?

Sandy. I'll tell you. About six years ago, old Boswell, whose barn was burned the other night, had an overseer named Phil Sly, the grandest scoundrel in the country! Well, sir, Boswell was constantly missin' some of his fine cattle, and couldn't account for it in any way. Now what do you think was going on all the time?

Sharp. What?

Sandy. Why, darn me, that rascally overseer of his was sellin' the cattle secretly, and pocketin' the money at the same time!

Sharp. Ha! ha! ha!—and he got loose?

Sandy. You're wrong there! Boswell had him sent to Frankfort for three years, hard labor!

Sharp. Aha! hard labor!—(*suddenly*) But the money, my friend, the money, is it gone?

Sandy (*eyeing him intently*). Gone? I'll wager anything the till has been emptied long ago. What think you?

Sharp. Go ahead and see for yourself.

Sandy. Wait here awhile. (*goes off to one side; aside*) If that

money's gone, I'll settle the question about him in a trice! (*points at Sharp; exit*)

ENTER SLY, *quickly*.

Sly. Out with that money, my friend! You hear?

Sharp. Ha! You needn't be watchin' me! I'll give you half, man.

Sly. You're a dead man if you don't!

Sharp. Who says so?

Sly. I! That money's mine!

Sharp. Come! leave this room! (*Sly stands immovable*) Don't you hear those footstaps? (*Sly goes to the door quickly*) Stop! Hide in that closet there, and wait till I call you! Be quick, man!

Sly. This game's about even, but you can't get ahead of me, Billy! (*enters the closet*)

RE-ENTER SANDY, *in a passion*.

Sandy. Gone! not a dollar left!

Sharp. Ha-a! I said so! What now?

Sandy (*grasping his arm*) Come! I'll show you, and quickly too! Follow me, sir! (*drags him along forcibly*)

Sharp. Follow you? What for?

Sandy. To denounce this man to his face, and send him from these doors!

Sharp (*recoiling*). Ha! not now! oh, no! you can't do that!

Sandy (*furious*). O, psh 'w! you're a thief and a coward, sir!

Sharp. Fool! (*springs upon him*) Help here! (*enter Sly; a struggle ensues, and Sandy is hurled against the wall and falls senseless upon the floor. The money secured, the men rush for the door, which instantly flies open.*)

War (*with a pistol*). Drop that money! (*a cry of disappointment from the men; they rush to another door*)

Jenk (*with a pistol*) Back! you ruffians! (*Aleck and Fred rush in with pistols, and the men, seeing the constable, drop the money*)

Sharp. State's evi— (*felled by Sly*)

Sly. That man set the house afire! You can't escape!

Aleck. Ha! Phil Sly as I live!

ENTER SHERIFF, POSSE, AND KENT *just returned from his day's journey.* At the same time LUCY AND GRACE appear at another door.

War. The Sheriff! the Sheriff!



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